

## THE UNVEILING OF A FAMILY TREASURE

By F. L. FOX

Mr. Brown came upon Mr. Black in the early dusk, perched upon the bottom step of the porch, his hat pushed back upon his head, and a very good cigar tincturing the atmosphere in that vicinity with a very noticeable smell. Mr. Black was gentleman enough, what was more, to offer a counterpart to Mr. Brown, and hunch himself further toward the railing so the visitor might sit down.

"Hear about it?" asked the owner of the steps briskly.

"Hear about what," answered Mr. Brown, as he spread his serge coat-tails, preparatory to planting himself beside Mr. Black.

"About that in there." The owner of the half-assumed a deprecating shrug toward the open door behind him.

"Something up?" queried the new-comer, lazily.

"Something up! Well, rather. Everything but the carpets."

"Go right on, George, don't harrow my feelings by stopping."

"But it's funny you haven't heard of it," mused Mr. Black. "Bet you're the only one in the neighborhood—hold! I've got it. Just got home this afternoon, didn't you?"

"Train got in 4:40: Mary coming on the 6 o'clock."

"That accounts for it—Mary don't know—yet don't know. But I'll wager Mary isn't in town three hours without hearing the particulars down to the rag."

Mr. Black tapped the ashes carefully on the outside of the rail. "Like this. Remember that Swede girl, Thomas—Matilda; we got her just before you left. Never did like that girl, sort of repellent business."

Emily did, of course. Emily did. Naturally goes without saying after the first remark. Queer, isn't it," mused he of the half-consumed cigar. "How many tastes and intuitions in common you find you don't have, after you're married? Now, I've seen the day when it kept Emily and me busy digging up new sides of our character that just matched while we were courting; but it ain't a patch to what we found out afterward on another slant."

The cigar waved a deprecating circle. "Oh, I'm not grumbling, it's just the ordinary fact." Mr. Black squinted his eyes at what was to be seen of the sunset between the opposite row of cottages; just a faint lavender tint creeping up into the denser blue, and up there the little peeling of a new moon hung in a passing blur of cloud.

"Well, you know," he said, casually.

"—and—" suggested his listener.

"Freely," Thomas said, "I was thinking of those carnations. Ever tell you about those carnations? Coming events—your know!"

"Never heard carnation mentioned in this neighborhood."

"Probably not," answered Mr. Black dryly. "I've never mentioned it—you can put that in your pipe. The real episode was like this: Carnations were to be given as souvenirs at our wedding breakfast; the Spritzer girls were there. You know the Spritzer girls; mighty pretty pair. Now there's a play was a peach, dressed in pink that day, and when I saw those carnations I thought at once of her. Emily and Daisy never did get along well together; think perhaps Emily may suspect I used to rather fancy Miss Daisy. Anyway, she turns her nose up at them, says they don't trot in her class; well, not exactly those words, perhaps, but the meaning's the same. And when I suggested giving that biggest bunch to Daisy, you should have seen Emily dash; she said those carnations were going to Aunt Jane—you know Aunt Jane, face that would break the peace, sort of underdone lemon-pie expression, with a disposition to match." Mr. Black sighed. "Well, Emily was right; those carnations went to Aunt Jane."

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"Emily never lost a chance of holding that girl's pique up to me as a silent lesson. It's a fact; it was depressingly above reproach. She saved our meat bills religiously on Fridays and let the dishwasher chill while she slipped out to confound her other sins. It seemed downright inconsiderate sometimes that St. Ann should be just round the corner; once she found she had to scrub the church steps the same night we had invited our Uncle Richard—the one that we keep in cotton batting, you know, on account of the things that he may do sometime for the children—on the one evening in the three hundred and sixty-five. I don't know how about Mary, but I've had undisputed evidence that soupy ices and burnt custards don't improve Emily's temper."

"However, Matilda was still a treasure, somewhat down in the market quotations, but still a treasure. Even when she nearly frightened the neighbors as well as ourselves into spasms by trying to climb into her bedroom window from the ladder because she had forgotten to take the key, and ricocheting at the top rung clattered to the bottom with every ounce of her very solid person audible, even then Emily kept her temper and merely took the broken window out of the week's wages."

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Wilder Emily, "also of the Wilder family," Fastolf, "English, from an old pill, Fastolf, castle near Yarmouth, Eng.," Franconia, a French berry; Fulton, General Patterson, Knevett's Giant, "England, 1842," Magnus Bonum, Orange, Merville de Quartre Salsons, Northumberland Fillbasket, Ohio Everbearing, "two crops a year," the Thunderer, English; and Walker, Philadelphia.

The raspberry in Indiana merely repeated its experiences of the earlier settled country, as the raspberry, then discovered and enthusiastically extolled. Four varieties, however, were grown "in the sunny laboratory of the garden" in this State, fifty years ago—the Red Antwerp, the yellow or white Antwerp, Fastolf and Franconia. Mr. L. Boelman's report of Indiana State fair, 1855, mentions only apples and pears under the head of fruits, and complains that even rhubarb is neglected. Justifiably, no doubt, he complains that the raspberry is neglected. The universal habit of living too much on meat. A premium essay on fruits, contributed at same date by Mr. William H. Loomis, is given over almost entirely to apples, with an appendix of all fine fruits recommended for culture and consumption by meat and potato-eating Indiana. In due season, however, Indiana were tall raspberry-colored plumes in her horticultural cap. At the great Philadelphia centennial exposition, 1876, Mr. Henry Barcklow, of Ohio county, Indiana, was awarded the very highest premium for raspberries, a blackcap—the "Gregg"—of great size and excellent quality, being increased by the Gardner's Monthly as "larger than any other of its kind known. Now, Indiana raspberry-growers delight their own State and place beautiful dessert dishes of this patriotic fruit on the breakfast table of many outside of the State."

Curiously enough, the rich, beautiful raspberry, wild in its native condition, had to be struggled with by fruit-growers before hardy bearing plants could be secured. As William Cullen Bryant said, it was a "horticultural scandal" that gardeners could not secure a raspberry to stand cold winters. Culture and cross-fertilization have worked marvels and modern American raspberries are a surprise to the amateur. Among these the old Indiana "Gregg" is still "the leading black cap," other fine berries are the Loudon, Marlboro, Cuthbert, Columbian, Cumberland, Cardinal, Souther, Queen and Kansas. A strawberry-raspberry from Japan is among the novelties; also a thornless raspberry and a climbing raspberry to cover a trellis or a wall. The Logan berry is a hybrid between the blackberry and raspberry. "Gochochop" is the root stock of old highest, the "wild red" raspberry; it is also known as the "thimbleberry"—and "the great leaves of the wild raspberry vine make excellent drinking cups," says Alice Lounsbury. In the southern Indiana raspberry fields picking begins about June 10, and this is a three weeks' flying idyl of the most poetical hard work known to fruit gardeners. In old New England wild raspberries were brought to market by Indians in birch bark baskets, and by Yankee women, children and old men. These berries sold at 3 to 5 cents per quart, and one summer one old man gathered \$40 worth.

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